

OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

The last few weeks have belonged to the volunteers of 1861, whose glorious homecoming from the Philippines has been celebrated by receptions and ovations and enthusiasm galore. The coming week will belong to the volunteers of 1861, who will gather in their annual reunion at Lincoln and there recount their deeds in defense of the flag and for the preservation of the union. For the first time at this reunion the veterans of 1861 will have as their guests veterans of another war, as the invitation has been extended broadly to all the members of the Nebraska volunteer regiments that responded to the call in the war against Spain to participate in the gathering, the principal feature of which will be a reception to those volunteers.

In presenting as the frontispiece of this number of The Illustrated Bee a portrait of the department commander a few words about him and his war record will be of interest.

John E. Evans, department commander, Grand Army of the Republic, was born in Tloga county, Pennsylvania, moving to Wisconsin with his parents in 1850, who settled in Sauk county on a farm. At the age of 17 he enlisted. On account of his age he was on detail duty for some time, being subsequently assigned to Company L, First Wisconsin cavalry. This regiment was in be-



SENIOR VICE COMMANDER JOHN REESE, BROKEN BOW.

tween fifty and sixty engagements during the war and lost by death 403 men; of this number Company L lost forty-nine.

General Wilson's cavalry corps, of which the First Wisconsin formed a part, reached Macon, Ga., on April 20, 1865, where they first learned of the surrender of General Lee.

Colonel Henry Harnden, with one battalion of the First Wisconsin cavalry and a portion of the Fourth Michigan, had the distinction and shared in the reward of the capture of Jeff. Davis. The regiment marched from Macon, Ga., to Edgfield, Tenn., where they were mustered out. In the spring of 1866 Commander Evans came to Nebraska, going by wagon to Montana, and after two years of exploring and prospecting returned to Nebraska, homesteading the present townsite of Memphis in Saunders county. In 1871 he moved to North Platte and, like most of the energetic and successful young men that came to Nebraska in an early day, engaged in contracting and stock raising, not overlooking the importance of securing a fine half-section of land near the county seat. In 1884 Mr. Evans was, without opposition, appointed postmaster at North Platte, served four years as county clerk and clerk of the district court and two years as deputy secretary of state.

Commander Evans has been an active and liberal member of the Grand Army from the organization of a post in his town, serving in every capacity from guard to the position he now holds. Few men have a more extended acquaintance throughout the state. He is respected for his honesty, intelligence and loyalty. His love for the old flag which he helped to maintain has never waned, but grows stronger with years.

The other department officers are well known in Grand Army circles—Senior Vice Commander John Reese, living at Broken Bow, Junior Vice Commander Robert S. Wilcox at Omaha, and Adjutant General W. H. Barger at Lincoln. Peculiarly enough Comrades Evans and Barger both belonged to Company L of the First Wisconsin cavalry and did service in the Wilson raid through Alabama and Georgia in 1865, which wound up with the capture of Jefferson Davis. Comrades Evans and Barger, too, have both lived in Nebraska since 1871, working side by side in the Grand Army of the Republic organization.

The return of prosperity to Nebraska is nowhere better evidenced than in the construction of new school buildings and

churches in the towns throughout the state. A week ago the good people of Wayne, Neb., performed the dedication ceremonies upon a new church just completed, which will be used by the First Presbyterians of that flourishing town. The church is a magnificent structure, practically paid for, a neat sum having been raised by contributions at the dedication exercises to apply on sinking the debt.

The Bee's readers are favored with a photograph taken of the burning chlorination works at Deadwood August 28. This disastrous fire was fully chronicled in the news of the day, but the present picture shows the perfection to which the photographer's art is attaining. We have had snapshots of cyclones, flashes of lightning, moving trains of all sorts of natural phenomena and the camera promises to preserve for us also the ravages of the fire fiend just as they are committed.

Great preparations are being made for the reception of Admiral Dewey on his return to the United States, in which New York, Washington, Chicago and several other cities expect to outdo one another in the lavishness of their entertainment. There is no question but what the admiral will meet with a welcome such as no other naval hero ever enjoyed, but the depth of the enthusiasm can be no greater than that which was accorded the volunteers of the First Nebraska regiment on their re-entry into the circles of their families and friends. The Dewey celebrations will only be a reproduction on a much larger scale of the small receptions which have been seen in Nebraska towns and villages during the last two weeks.

About Noted People

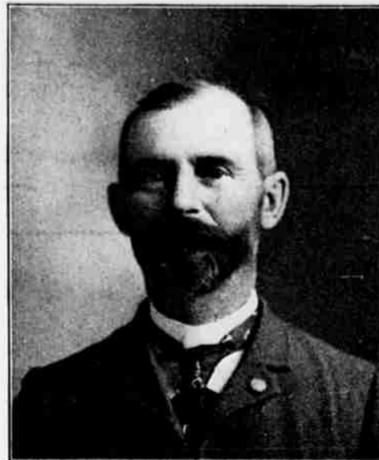
A movement has been set on foot to have either Massachusetts or New Hampshire buy the Daniel Webster tomb in Marshfield, Mass., including the tomb in which he is buried; or, this falling, to have a sum of money raised by private subscription sufficient to purchase the burial place of the "great expounder," and provide for its being held in trust.

After General Shafter had made an address to some school children in Grand Rapids not long ago, he disappeared and the searching party finally found him in a schoolroom, signing his autograph for about 100 clamorous children. As he followed the committee out he called back: "You that didn't get the autograph send your names to me and I'll see that you get it." It is said that he kept his word.

Colonel "Jack" Hayes, one of the most noted of our Indian fighters, spent a few days in Washington last week while en route for the Philippines, where he will command a cavalry regiment. He has been serving under General Fitzhugh Lee in Cuba, the two being old friends and comrades, having both been wounded in the same Indian battle away back in the 50's, when they were young lieutenants. Colonel Hayes said of his contemplated Philippine campaign: "I think that when the cavalry gets after the Aguinaldo outfit the rebels won't last long."

Jules Guerin, the self-constituted prisoner of the Anti-Semite club, is a retired tripe seller of La Vilette, which explains why he has a lot of butchers with him. He is a "galliard" of 35 or so, solidly built, a great crony of M. Drumont's, and received his political education with the Marquis de

Mores. He was one of the band who signed themselves "The Friends of Mores." After the death of the marquis, M. Guerin took the lead of the anti-Semites, and, always spoiling for a fight, he has been in every street demonstration which the anti-Semites have got up in Paris for this last ten years. M. A. P., a London publication, says of him: "He is a strong man, 35 years of age, tall and very broad, anger lurks always in



W. H. BARGER, LINCOLN, ADJUTANT GENERAL.

his eye; his fist is perpetually pounding; among agitators he is the fiercest. Director of the 'Ligue Anti-Semite,' editor of its organ, the 'Anti-Juif,' he has to interest and entertain the 50,000 members of the first and the 80,000 readers of the second; he does all this sturdily, and glories in it."

Post Wheeler, New Yorker, poet, Princeton man, author of cynical "Reflections of a Bachelor," has been missing from New York for two years. His departure followed close upon the report of the breaking of an engagement between him and Hallie Erminie Rives, cousin of Amelia Rives, the Princess Troubetskoy, who is herself an author, and not long ago startled the reading public by the novel, "Smoking Flax." Mr. Wheeler is living in a remote Indian village in a spur of the Rockies, close on the Arctic circle, in the great Northwest Territory, on the edge of the barren lands, hundreds of miles from civilization, where an occasional half-breed or trader is the only visitor and a white man is almost unknown. He has joined a tribe of the Tukudh Indians, has been adopted as Si-Chi (only brother's child) by the head chief, has taken on their customs and dress, speaks their tongue, and ranks as an under chief. Mr. Wheeler was recently visited by a correspondent, who says that the poet is reticent as to reasons for becoming an exile. The language, he says, was his greatest difficulty. "What do you think?" said Mr. Wheeler, "of a language boasting five subjunctive moods and two first persons plural? Max Muller was right when he pronounced the Eskimo of the northwest more intricate than Greek, but the Tukudh is far more complex even than Hebrew."

An Old Land Title

Robert R. Stuyvesant of New York has just sold a plot of ground which has been owned by the Stuyvesant family for 216 years. It was purchased directly from the Indians by Peter Stuyvesant, governor of New Amsterdam.



NEW CHURCH AT WAYNE, DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 3.

Story of the America's Cup

(Copyrighted, 1889, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

The "America Cup," or, to speak more accurately, the "Hundred Guinea Cup," is at Tiffany's, in New York. Millions of dollars will be spent during the autumn in the contest for its possession, and this fact furnishes a strange anomaly, for the cup is not intrinsically valuable. If it could tell its own story it would have something like the following to say:

"When Sir Thomas Lipton, the tea man, tries to win me away from the United States it will be the tenth time an effort of that kind has been made in forty-eight years. It seems that I am as desirable to sportsmen as the Golden Fleece was to the Argonauts. Eleven times two nations have been wildly excited over these contests, which have cost enough to build a decent navy for each one of them.

"And what is it all about? I am only a little old misshapen silver mug, of no particular design, and so out-of-date and commonplace that a first-class jeweler in these days would be ashamed to confess me as his workmanship. The bottom is out of me, my covering is inferior, and if melted down I would be worth, according to the present quotations for silver, just \$75. A junk dealer would think hard before offering that.

"What in the world am I that you should make so much fuss over me? Really, I feel quite bored over all this attention, for, in confidence, I am of no value at all, and my career has been quiet. I was made by R. & R. Gerard on Pantion street, London, on a hurry order when the yacht America came over in 1851 and beat our English regatta at Cowes. It was not a celebrated firm, and the workmen only ordinary. One of them said he thought I ought to be fashioned in the style of Henry II and another thought a Henry III design more suitable, so I am a sort of mixture. I had no idea that I should become an international prize then, nor did the men who ordered me dream of my com-

detract from the interest of a national competition."

Mr. Schuyler therefore inserted this clause in the deed:

"Vessels intending to compete for this cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place."

The English owners have also been to a considerable expense usually in bringing along an advisory committee, as Dunraven, the first time, brought over Watson, designer of the Valkyrie II, and Laphorn, sail-maker.

The Cup's Inscriptions.

The only things about the cup itself, however, that tell of these millions spent on account of it are the inscriptions, carved in different styles and type. In looking back fifty years these brief legends inspire awe in the heart of the veteran yachtsman. They tell him of one struggle after another when the country was all in a flutter over the approach of a challenger, and when it seemed sure that Yankee supremacy on the water would be snatched away by the Britisher. On each occasion the result of the contests has been the same. The nearest that the game challengers have ever been to the cup is to look at it in Tiffany's window, or perchance view it on the banquet tables at the New York Yacht club house.

Tiffany is now concerned as to where he will carve these inscriptions. There is only one small panel below the six large shields about the body of the cup that is not filled. On these shields is told the story of the trophy. And the narrative has taken all the space available there for inscriptions, also on the panels underneath, with the exception of one, leaving just enough room to contain the account of this year's races should there be more than two. That number can be crowded in and still leave space for another contest. More than that will fill the cup.

At first the silversmiths were quite lavish



BURNING OF THE GOLDEN REWARD CHLORINATION WORKS, DEADWOOD, AUGUST 28, 1890.

importance. As a matter of fact the firm received just \$525 for me, and now I could be duplicated for \$150.

"I weigh 134 ounces, am twenty-seven inches tall, measure thirty-six inches around the waist and twenty-four at the base. The decorative work on me is very simple, but I pride myself that my lines have an aristocratic appearance, my lip is certainly curved gracefully, and my neck beautiful. Just one thing more. Many call me the queen's cup because I was bought by the committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but this is wrong, for when the men took me off the shelf in Gerard's office I distinctly heard them say: 'This is to be known as the Hundred Guinea cup,' and that's what I used to be called on both sides."

Enormous Expenditures.

Nevertheless, thousands of persons from all over America will come to New York shortly, and, standing before the Tiffany window on Broadway, gaze at this mug long and deferentially, for, after all, it is the most historic trophy of its kind in existence and has cost so much money that it gives your ordinary American a thrill to think of it. Such enormous sums have certainly never been spent before on a like object.

A member of the New York Yacht club, in looking over the inscriptions on the cup the other day to refresh his reminiscences of the bygone contests, figured roughly that the Englishmen had spent in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000 in behalf of this trophy, and the Americans probably a little more, owing to the expenses incident to the trial races. This, of course, includes only the money spent in striving for and defending the cup. When you figure on the expenses of the public in witnessing and betting on the races an approximate estimate is impossible.

The challengers find a heavy expense in rigging their vessels for sea travel. This is essential owing to the conditions laid down by George L. Schuyler, who re-deeded the cup to the New York Yacht club in 1882.

"Owing to the present and increasing size of ocean steamers," said Mr. Schuyler, "it would be quite feasible for an American, English or French club to transport on their decks yachts of large tonnage. This might be availed of in such a way that the match would not be a test of sea-going qualities, as well as of speed, which would essentially

with their space, not conceiving how valuable it would be in later years. On each successive race they economized, as will be seen by the following list of inscriptions which the cup bears:

Hundred Guinea cup won August 22, 1851, at Cowes, England, by yacht America at the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta, "open to all nations," beating the cutters Volante, 48 tons; Arrow, 84 tons; Alarm, 123 tons; Mona, 82 tons; Bacchante, 80 tons; Freak, 60 tons; Ellipse, 50 tons; schooners Beatrice, 161 tons; Wyoern, 205 tons; Ione, 75 tons; Constance, 218 tons; Gipsev Queen, 160 tons; Brilliant, 392 tons.

Schooner America, 170 tons. Commodore John C. Stevens. Built by George Steers of New York, 1851.

Presented to the New York Yacht club as a challenge cup, open to all foreign clubs, by the owners, John C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, George L. Schuyler, J. Beekman Finlay, Edwin A. Stevens.

Challenged to be sailed over New York Yacht club course, August 8, 1870, by Mr. James Ashbury, with schooner yacht Cambria, representing Royal Thames Yacht club. Cambria beaten in the following order, by schooner yachts Magie, Idler, Silvia, America, Dauntless, Madgie, Phantom, Alice, Halcyon.

October 15, 1871—Schooner Livonia against Schooner Columbia, James Ashbury, esq., owner; Franklin Osgood, esq., owner. Cambria winner by 27 minutes 4 seconds. New York Yacht club course.

October 18, 1871—Schooner Livonia against Schooner Columbia. Columbia winner by 10 minutes 33 seconds. Outside course.

October 19, 1871—Schooner Livonia against Schooner Columbia. Livonia winner by 15 minutes 10 seconds. New York Yacht club course.

October 21, 1871—Schooner Livonia against Schooner Sappho. Sappho winner by 30 minutes 21 seconds. William P. Douglas, esq., owner. Outside course.

October 23, 1871—Schooner Livonia against Schooner Sappho. Sappho winner by 25 minutes 27 seconds. New York Yacht club course.

August 11, 1876—Schooner Countess of Dufferin against Schooner Madeleine; Charles Gifford, esq., owner, John S. Dickerson, esq.,

(Continued on Third Page.)